SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1901

NOT LIKE OTHER MEN

By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey. Author of "The Brotherhood of 8 lence," "The Quality of a Sin," Etc.

CONTINUED FROM 2ND PAGE.

Copyright, 1901, by Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey. two rode on in silence several rods. "I would like to see a woman,"

marked Lisle, permitting his train of

"I have never seen one in my life." outside interest than any other humas attitude, a mystery. "Why ain't you ever been here be fere, sonny?" he asked presently. "Or

maybe that ain't any of my business "My father would not permit me come.

"Oh, that's it, eh? And he gave in this time, did he?" "No." Craig Thompson couckied again.

"Don't you see, Lisle, that you have answered t'other question? That's why you're shead of the bunch. Just jumped the stockade, flew the correl lit out, stampeded all by yourself, same's that steer you roped in such good style, and Dick thinks you're rounded up safe and sound at home, eh? Is that the ticket?"

"That is exactly the situation, Mr. Thompson," replied Lisie slowly. "When I first saw you swinging after the steer. I was wondering whether I had better keep down the valley or turn back and meet my father. But you have answered the question for me, for now I've nelp you in with this steer." Look here, Liste. Just

der that we've shook hands, will That makes as friends. Now, going to give you some advice, and strikes me that for a kid who has ed all his life, if it sin't only 18 ears, punching cattle, roping steers, stars out of the sky and occaonally pinking an Indian or a maverck man-for that's what I've heard out you you need it as much as any or I know. In the first place, den't any of the boys up ber ea, or they'll make

sount. ot bekicked ain't elegant, but it's he happens to have one of his fits on don't you mind 'em. They ain't for

ou before you've 24 hours

In the second place,

to do

take this critter, and we can ride in more sociably." They were soon relieved of the care of the steer, and then they rode on siside by side for some distance. "Why wouldn't Dick ever let you come here before?" asked Thompson

presently.

"I don't know. He would never tell me," replied Lisle.

"Well, I can tell you." "You can! Why is it?"

"I'll tell you by asking a question or two. Didn't you wing one of my cowboys, a fellow named Cummings, about a year ago when he was over at your place after a bunch of steers that had strayed away?"

"What did you do it for?" "Because he was impertinent."

"Exactly. What did he say?" "He said that I was cut out for a woman and spoiled in the making. I convinced him that I was quicker with my gun than he was, anyway."

'Correct. He ain't forgot it, and be won't very soon. He's gone back east, but be left a piece of one of his ribs out here to remember you by. However, that is why Dick don't want you to come here. See?"

"He's afraid somebody else will say the same thing; that's all." Lisle brought his horse to a sudden stand. His face darkened and his

black eyes flashed ominously. "Do you say the same thing?" be asked quietly, but in a tone which conveyed much more than did the words that were uttered.

"Lord, what a fire eater post ared No! I don't say the same thing, but it would be a compliment if I did, for women But that ain't here nor there: Some of the boys will say it, or something very much like it, and if you are going to shoot every one that does you had better lose no time in selecting a good place to start your gravepard. You won't be long in filling it."

"Why should they say such a thing

"Well, there are a good many reans. Are you going to take what I nace began. say friendly or are you going to get mad?"

"I'll not be angry." "Good. Well, I s'pose W's because you sin't developed much. You're 18, and you look in some ways like a boy of 14. Your voice ain't changed enough suit the taste of such people as like arrange other people's affairs for

That's one thing. It's a good ice, but it's soft and tender and kindcooing, like a girl's. 'Twon't hart it y if you add a pound or two to its

"Nothing else that I can just put my iger on unless it's your whole outfit. ou have spent so much of your time the house reading and studying, laying your plane and such like that

Your face has got something in ft that don't wear much out here. It's called refinement, and these cusses round here think that all the refine ment in the world belongs to women. I want you to understand that every reason that any of the crowd such as you will find here can have for telling you that you are like a woman is compliment, and you ought to take it as one. Don't get mad. Smile and look pleased, for, Lisle, there ain't no better thing on the top of God's earth than a good woman."

"I don't believe that you know," said Lisle quietly, but with such deep conviction that Thompson gased at him earnestly for a moment in silence. "Don't I?" he said presently in voice that was perceptibly altered. "Well, maybe I don't, but I think I do.

Some day, maybe, I'll tell you the story that makes me think so. Now, tell me why you said that.". "My father has taught me ever since

I can remember that women are the curse of the world, and I believe him. He is wise concerning everything else. and he would not instruct me falsely.' An audible grunt was the only reply that Craig Thompson made, and the

thought to end in a spoken sentence.

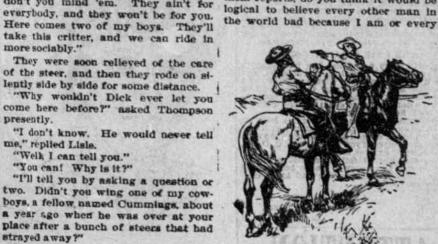
"Whoa!" cried Thompson, pulling his horse up with a jerk. Then he jammed his spurs deep into the animal's sides so that it snorted and made two or three buck jumps before it settled down again into ordinary decorum. The ranchman's face was working in the strangest fashion, but whether with an effort to suppress a laugh or an oath it is impossible to say. At last, more to himself than to the young man at his side, the Nevadian remarked:

"Any man who will give a boy that sort of fodder to chaw on is a blamed scoundrel."

Lisle Maxwell heard the words. He halted his horse as suddenly as Thompson had previously checked his and by a sudden pressure of one of his knees compelled it to turn so that it stood directly across the path of the other animal. His right arm straightened out, and Thompson found himself looking into the barrel of a ".44."

"Take that back, Craig Thompson, said Lisie in a low tone, but there was an intense meaning behind the words. The ranchman had never been nearer death than at that instant, and he knew it. But he only smiled, and there was something in the altered expression of his face which Nevadians were not accustomed to see there. All the hard lines had disappeared. All the harshness was gone, and his eyes, which ordinarily gave back a steely glitter for every gaze which they encountered, softened into a translucent sparkle while he said slowly:

"I'll take it back, Lisle, every wor of it, for the Lord knows that I never meant it to sound as you took it. You needn't put your gun down till I've got through talking, 'cause I've got something to say, and after that, if you want to use it on me, you can go ahead, and I won't make any kick. The you, Lisle, and I would honor you for killing me if you did it to resent an imputation against four father. I spoke on gener-God's truth. In the third place, the up to Craig Thompson for anything that You've heard lots of bad things about me, and, supposing me to be as bad as them reports, do you think it would be



Thompson found himself looking into the barrel of a " 44"

man good because your father is? 'Tain't sense, is it? If you know enough to know that we're all born of women, and I suppose you do, you know that a woman was your mother, and there's one little fact you want to tie to all your life, because if you don't there won't be anything else that is worth trying to. It's this: Your mother was a good woman if every other woman ever born into the world was bad, and so was my mother and the mother of every one of that wild set of fellows that'll soon be raising bades around here. A woman may be bad before she's a mother, and she may be bad after she's a mother, but there ain't no exceptions to the rule that every one of 'em is good when she's a moteer, so, you see, Lisle, I didn't cast any reflections on your father when I said that. I only took your mother's part without thinking of him at all, and I wouldn't be of much account as a friend to you are a hanged sight better than men. or to any man if I didn't do that. That's right, put up your gun. Now, shall we shake hands? That's the ticket. Maybe when you know me better

you'll-know me better." Then, side by side, in the beginning of a friendship which was destined to continue through bitter trials for Lisle Maxwell, they rode into camp just as the van of Dick Maxwell's outfit ros over the ridge where their acquaint

CHAPTER III.

HAD BEEN TAUGHT TO BE A MAN. D URING the remainder of that day Craig Thompson impress ed everybody who knew him with the idea that he was on the point of having one of his dreaded "fits." but if any one of them had studled him closely be would have known better, for the expression of his face was childlike in its gentleness. But his loquacity was gone, for he was think ing. He had volunteered and been ac cepted as the intermediary between son and father, and his interview with Richard Maxwell had left upon him an impression which he was endeavoring. without success, to define. Lisie had skin so that the rich, red blood beobjected to intermediation, believing

the direct way to be the best, but Crair convinced him that his own way was preferable and had dispatched him on supposedly important errand to a herdsman who had charge of an outlying bunch of eattle.

Richard Maxwell was a natural mar tinet. Clockwork was not more exact than were the rules of his life, from which he never deviated. His employ ees liked him, but at the same tim they feared him. The slightest disobe dience was regarded as a resignation from his employ, and Liste was in this respect as subservient to him as the were. Maxwell was a bandsome mar too. Although his bair and perfectly trained mustache were as white a snow, there was not a line upon his perfect face. His eyes were his mos remarkable features, for there was within their depths something so som ber, so threatening, so flerce and so repellent that strangers instinctively avoided them and then looked again to discover the cause. But it was undis coverable. The more one looked the more obscure seemed the reason for avoldance, for the surface glance upon them, although searching and deep, had nothing in it of those qualities which at first repelled. His eyes were undeniably large, and they described a perfect oval. If eyes can be intensely black, his were so, and in hue the long lashes which fringed them and the rather heavy brows that shaded then were blacker still. You would not have said that Lisle'

eyes were like his father's, but yo would have insisted that Richard Max well's eyes were like his son's, with the difference that where the glance of the elder man repelled that of the younger attracted

Lisle Maxwell's training had been al that the heart of a young man could desire, and his father had been his tu tor in everything. Particularly had his instruction been thorough in every branch of knowledge which properly should belong to young manhood, and Lisle could not remember when any body save his father had waited upor his wishes-at least until he was old enough to go abroad. After that the cowboys instructed him in riding and lasso throwing. He could ride like an Apache Indian, rope the wildest steer that ever trod the ranges of Nevada shoot from the back of his galloping horse with revolver or rifle infinitesi mal articles thrown into the air by his admiring instructors; he could leap from his horse to the ground and mount again while the creature was upon a mad run and could east his handkerchief or his hat upon the plain and then, dashing past at the topmos speed of his borse, pick it up again; he could catch and mount and successfully ride the wildest and most untamed horse that ever belonged on Crescent and Cross ranch. There was nothing along those ranges that man could do which he had not been taught to do and to do well, better even than his instructors, and as a proficient in every manly sport-in marksmanship, borse manship and courage-he was known and admired throughout that wide cir-

cle which had its yearly rendezvous in the Smoky valley. Richard Maxwell had lived up to the statement he made to his lawyer 17 years ago. Lisle Maxwell was a boy in every generally accepted sense of the word. He had grown up as a boy and lived as a boy. He had studied as a boy and thought as a boy, and he had no conception of what girls and women were other than that they were some thing to be religiously avoided. Regarding the question of sex, his father had kept bim as profoundly ignorant as a babe, and the words "girl" and "woman" were to him only terms for the expression of a thought, and that thought he had been taught to regard as repugnant. Indian women-squaws -he had seen frequently, but he had not observed much difference between them and the men except that they were uglier, more brutal and dirtier. Throughout all his studies, and they were manifold and thorough, books calculated to direct his thoughts into channels which might reveal to him his real identity had been rigorously excluded, and he had no more idea who and what he really was than be possessed 17 years ago when sleeping upon his father's arm he was stolen away from his mother's loving care. That is why the masculine pronoun is used now in referring to him.

One can understand how such a man as Richard Maxwell might accomplish all this without once making a mistake. Every question asked by the growing child was answered directly. concisely and decisively and with words that bordered so nearly upon the whole truth that they left that part which was unrevealed apparently unworthy of mention. There was a code of morals on that ranch compared with which the rigid rules of a Shaker settlement would be a travesty, and the cowboy who once forgot or neglected them related his forgetfulness thereafter in the employ of another man than Richard Maxwell.

The interior of the house where Liste had passed all these years was lavishly extravagant. Nothing was left to be Abyssinia's greatest king desired. could not have provided a happier valley for a new Rasselas, with the exception that there was no Dinarbis with whom to share its joys. The entire place, inside and outside, presented the spectacle of the abode of a man who had regulated his whole life to the fulfillment of one idea and had succeeded. Seventeen years had not, in a single particular, witnessed the avoidance of one of the multitudinous cares rendered necessary for the fulfillment of a theory such as his, utterly impracticable in its conception and scientifically impossible of completion, and yet Lisle Maxwell bad arrived at the age of 18 without once imagining that woman is a necessary quantity in existence and in the perpetuation of mankind.

Nature had in some ways conspired with Richard Maxwell, for she had not hastened her work of development. Neither had she retarded it, but she had done for Lisle what she rarely does for woman. Muscular development had kept pace with feminine growth, so that as yet there was nothing about the figure of Richard Maxwell's son to suggest that he was not what he appeared to be. The sun had browned his naturally olive tinted neath could only suggest its presence ther alon by imparting a deeper tinge, and his

dark bair, through which gills toned a faiot suggestion of burnishes copper, was kept half shorn, so that fell in wavy and rebellious masses be-neath the broad brim of his Texas sombroro. She had given his brilliant eyes a certain boldness of expression which does not belong to women, and there was a poise about his bend which

had nothing suggestive of the feminine about it. The loose garments in which he was costumed were certainly and yet imperceptibly different from those of his companions, due in every in stance to suggestions from the father who never forgot nor neglected any thing that had to do with his purpose Lisle's voice was a rich contraito rather soft for a man, to be sure, but sufficiently strong nevertheless. In drawing room, issuing from the throat of a society belle, it would not have been out of place. There was really nothing masculine about it, yet 't was heavy enough for a youth of 18. Craig Thompson described it perfectly when be said that it was "kinder cooing, like a girl's." Craig's interview with the ranch

owner had been short, and when he came away after it was over he was no better informed concerning what the outcome of Lisle's disobedience

would be than he was before it began The only change that had taken plac in the appearance of Richard Maxwe since that night 17 years ago when he had called upon his lawyer with the baby in his arms can be summed up in the white hair and the bronzed skin which time and exposure had impart ed. In all other respects he was the same. He and Thompson were known to each other. During the time that Maxwell had spent in Nevada they had often met, so that no introduction was

necessary. "How are you, Maxwell?" was Thompson's greeting when they met and they shook hands cordially.

"Glad to see you, Thompson," was the rejoinder. "The boys are getting the stock in rather earlier than usue this year, are they not?" "A little. There's more of it to ge

in. I've got three or four thousand extra. You must have as many " "More, I think." "I see you've brought your kkl along with you this time," said Thompson

which he was replenishing his pipe "Fine lad that, Maxwelk" He did not look up as he made the remark. If he had, he would not have seen the elightest alteration in the expression of his companion. But Maxwell did not immediately answer When he did, it was to ask a question.

ramming home a wad of tobacco with

"He has arrived, then?" he asked quietly. "Yes; about an bour or two ago. met him out on the ridge while I was chasing a steer that would have given me a deuce of a run if it hadn't been for young Lisie's rope. He said he wasn't coming to the round up, but I had to have some help to get that critter in, so I persuaded him to come along. Then be volunteered to ride out to a distant bunch of mine, and that's where he is now, I reckon. wish I had a kid like him

"If you see him before I do, will you send him to me?" said Maxwell. "Sure, I say, Maxwell, have yo messed with anybody yet?"

"No. I shall follow my old custom and mess with my own outfit. Thank you all the same."

"Humph!" thought Thompson as he moved away from the presence of Lisle's father. "I'll bet a dozen of the best 5-year-olds in my bunch that Dick Maxwell is undder'n a nornet, only he'll be hanged if he'll show it." he mounted his horse and dashed away in the direction that Lisle had taken. They met half a mile outside of the

camp. "Say, Liele," exclaimed Craig when they had pulled up their horses and were walking them along side by side, "bow does the old man look when he's mnd, eb?"

"Was be angry, Mr. Thompson?" "Call me Craig; it's easier. That's what I'm trying to find out. I'll be blamed if I know whether he was mad or pleased. Are you going back if he tells you that you've got to?" "Certainly."

"Well, that's dutiful. I approve of it. But I wouldn't do it!"

"You do not know my father." "Correct. ! don't. But I know Craig Thompson. Craig and me are reasonably well acquainted, and he does lots of things that I don't approve of. That would be one of 'em. ain't advising you against your father's authority, not a bit of it. Don't get any such idea into your bead. Say. there's one thing that you might be turning over in your noddle while you are getting ready for the interview. It's



How are you, Maxwell?" was Thomp son's greeting this: I managed to give him the impression that you hadn't any idea of coming here; that you were only looking on to the scene over the ridge when my steer came along an bat you had to help me in; that I as

"Thank you; "Well, there you car work the th hink best but if you. old mar you're wele at any holy minu He touch erse and

rode on

"Is thi

lisregard of my wishes, Lisle?" asked Richard Maxwell as soon as he was with his son, but without expressing the least sign of anger.

"You know that I did not wish you to come here, did you not?" "I did."

"That is going against my wishes." "I cannot always be guided by them sir. The time will come when I will be obliged to decide for myself. In this one instance I have anticipated it. I have seen the camp. I will return home now if you order me to do so," "I wish you to do so. I do not order

"Then I will remain. If the surroundings here will contaminate me. it is better that it should happen in your presence than in your absence."

"Very well, you may remain for a day or two at least, with the understanding that if at any time I desire you to return you will do so without

"Certainly, sir." That was all there was of it, and Craig Thompson, when he heard what had taken place (for Lisle did not regard it out of place to repeat the conversation to him), was delighted.

"Lisie," he said, "you've got more force and sand behind that pretty girl face of yours than half of the men out yonder. If, now, you could only sprout a hair or two on that upper lip of yours, I'd like it. They'll grow, though,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Saby's Narrow Escape. "Charlie," said the young mother, The decided on a name for baby. We will call her Imogen."

Papa was lost in thought for a few minutes. He did not like the name but if he opposed it his wife would have her own way.

"That's nice," said he, presently. "My first sweetheart was named Imogen, and she will take it as a compli-

"We will call her Mary, after my mother," was the stern reply.-Tit Bite

> All in the Adjective If Oldboy's merely called a dog Ready to fight is he. But if a sad dog he is called He thinks it flatters.
>
> —Chicago Tribune. THE MODERN DUEL



Small Man-Yes, sir, he's a conemptible scoundrel, and I told him so! Big Man-Did he knock you down? Small Man-No; I told him-er-

through the telephone. -Sketch. Then and Now. "Minerva, dear," he called her when He was tied to her for life; ngs are different now than then. And she's called "My nervy wife."

-Chicago Daily News Wealth Brings Freedom, Silas-These blamed city table manners are all bosh. If I only had a few thousand dollars I'd show you how to

eat with my knife. Cyrus-Suppose you had a few miltions? Control of the Party of the Par Silas-Gosh! Then I'd sharpen the sarvin' knife on my boot.-Chicago Daily News.

An Over-Crowded Exhibit. Agent-Dear sir, can't I induce you to try our new carbon photograph

system? It makes the homeliest people look distinguished. Mr. Crusty-No; get out! There are just 50,000,000 too many distinguished people in this country now.

-Chicago Record-Herald.

"A woman ought to be able to trust uer husband implicitly." "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, " was the proud recipient of a mark of confidence this morning. Henrietta actually gave me a piece of goods to take down to the store and match for her."-Washington Star.

Grand Selection. Caller-You are getting some very beautiful names in your novel. De you think they will increase t's Anthoress-Most assuredly! There

are so many people who want a fancy name for the baby .- Chicago Daily

Locating the Blame, Father-Whose fault is it that you are not nearer the head of the class! Son-It's the fault of the other fel-

Father-How is that? Son-'t'ause they're smarter'n I be -Tit-Bits. A Fair Reasoner.

Discouraged Suitor-Do you ever reason? Miss Flightie-Resson? I should say I did. I picked up a paper only yesterday, and reasoned out all the points in the joke column.-N. Y. Weekly.

The Wrong Person. Willie-Papa, I told the doctor I wanted him to take back the baby, and he said he would have to see you. Slimson-What was your reply? "I said that so far as I could see you didn't have much to say about it." -Brooklyn Life.

Time Too Limited. "What was the cause of the trouble in the woman's club?" "The majority adopted a resolution timiting the time of each woman for speaking on any question to three surs."-Leslie's Weekly.

Taking No Chances.

"I'll tell you how it is, parson." "You've married us and you'll admit that it is a good deal of a speculation. Now, I'll pay you \$2 (the regniar fee) now and call it square, or I'll wait 60 days and pay you what experience teaches me the job is really worth to me, even if it's \$100."

The elergyman looked long and sarnestly at the energetic, determined young woman and sighed. "Give me the \$2," he said. - Chicago Post

Figure It Out. When we want advice that's helpful We must buy it, all agree. We get nothing good, for nothing. That's not good for nothing. Philadelphia Press.

SIJGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.



Stout Party-Now, then, waiter, what have you got? Watter-Calves' brains, deviled kideys, fried liver-Stout Party - Here! Bother your complaints. Give me the menoo! -

The Parting. "Twas time that we our way retrace-We two, sweet-hearting—And, when we came to good-night place,
Just at the parting. I klesed her lips, rich, ripe and rare, And then I kissed her soft brown hair

Just at the parting. He Was Indeed Lucky. "Lucky man!" said one girl to another, at the church wedding, as the eridal couple walked up the aisle. "Why backy man?" asked her com

panion. "Lacky because the bride wears a veil and people can't see what a fright he's marrying." - Youkers Statesman.

Dull Business.

"Just set it for five o'clock," said the young lawyer, who had bought "I won't want to an alarm clock. change it." "Always get up at that hour, eh?"

remarked the clerk. "Oh, no. That's my time for going This clock is for my office.' -Philadelphia Press.

Suited Him Better. "Stripes are quite the thing this ear," suggested the tailor.

The alderman started nervously, but mickly recovered himself. "I think," he said, endeavoring to speak carelessly, "that something in the nature of a check would be more in my line."-Chicago Post.

How It Looked. Farmer Greene-What's ole man Perkins' son studying fer to be, at

callege? Farmer I guess! He keeps touching the man up fer "indemnity" every week or two.-Puck.

There Was an Antidote. "How is it that Miss Young broke her engagement with you? I thought

she doted on you?" "So she did; but when she learned that I had once been engaged to her mother's sister, it proved an antidote."-N. Y. Herald.

Gonge Game, ---"You lost your money when you bet on that fellow's height, chan't

you?" "Yes, but he took an unfair al vantage. He straightened up his bow legs and made himself two inches higher."—Chicago Tribune.

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evoid of all obstacles.
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